



*The Pavlova-Mordkin
Libretto
and
Souvenir Album*

Messrs. Max Rabinoff and G. P. Centanini

have the honor of announcing the first
American tour of

The Imperial Russian Ballet and Orchestra

(THEODORE STIER, Conductor)

Supporting the Incomparable

Mlle. Anna Pavlowa

Prima Ballerina Assoluta, Imperial Opera House, St. Petersburg

and

M. Mikail Mordkin

Premier Danseur Classique, Imperial Opera House, Moscow

with a distinguished company of character dancers, by special arrangement with the Imperial Russian Government, and the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, introducing an art new to America—the interpretation of the ponderous messages of the great composers through the most primitive and yet potent of mediums—Motion !

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The Russian Ballet—What It Means



ANNA PAVLOWA and MIKAIL MORDKIN came to New York last March unknown save for the whisper of anticipation that preceded them. New York had experienced visitations from dancers of all sorts, classic, character and those who might properly be enumerated among the freaks. It was prepared for any kind of a sensation except that in store—a whirlwind of pure artistry of character unheard of here.

Twenty-four hours later society, art circles, music lovers and the masses were aflame with enthusiasm. Not only was this true in New York, but a few days later in Boston and Baltimore, where the two great premiers appeared during their engagement of one month with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Each of these cities clamored for more. Everywhere the Metropolitan Opera Company was booked for its tour, demand was made that this greatest novelty of the decade should be included. But all were doomed to disappointment. The leave of absence granted by the Imperial Russian government expired on April 1, and like souls under military discipline the dancers put the broad Atlantic between them and the country they had fired with an appetite for a new diversion.

The quiet coming, the mysterious going, when every circumstance comprehensible to

American people commanded them to remain, and the marvelous performances they gave aroused a world of inquiry concerning Pavlowa



and Mordkin, the ballet of which they are a part, and the art they present.

Pavlowa and Mordkin's astounding performances merely give a suggestion, nothing more, of an art old and thoroughly established in Russia, but new to the rest of the world.

It is the unfolding or enactment of a narrative—drama, opera or call it what you may—through Terpsichore. Not a line is spoken, not a word sung. Only the graceful movements of the ballet and the rhythmic sway of the character dancers, supplemented by music especially written for the purpose, illuminate the theme, or plot. Yet it all is perfectly understandable to Slav or Saxon. Greek or Gaul—to all who have eyes to see—for each story is interpreted in the great universal language—the poetry of action.

Not “motion,” but “action”! For the extensive repertoire of productions presented includes in range every emotion familiar to the human mind, interpreted as only the intense Russian artist can.

This art belongs to Russia. It is fostered by the Czar's government. Its professional devotees are recruited at from seven to ten years of age. The governmental course of instruction requires a term of twelve years. This bears fruit in imparting to the artist a technique possessed by no other dancers in the world. Dancing becomes second nature. No thought, no effort is devoted to the physical part, which takes form as naturally as water flows down the hillside. The artist gives his entire soul to the expression of the emotions. The result is a blending of drama, poetry and perfect technique found only in this great racial artistic effort. The standard of the performances is jealously guarded. At thirty-two the dancers are retired on a life pension on the presumption they have reached the zenith of their career, and are seen no more in public.

Recognizing the tremendous possibilities an American tour presents

for such an organization, this management, co-operating with the Metropolitan Opera Company, has arranged with the Russian Government for the appearance this season of Pavlowa and Mordkin, supported by a group of famous character dancers from the Imperial Opera Houses of St. Petersburg and Moscow, together with a complete ballet and orchestra. Six weeks will be devoted to the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and the rest of their stay to a tour.

The complete Imperial Opera House productions are presented with all scenic and spectacular effects, making an attraction surpassing anything ever offered on the American concert, dramatic or operatic stage.



The Arabian Nights

THIS great ballet relates the legend of Azyiade. It was composed by M. Mordkin, who drew on the musical works of Glazounow, Chaminade, Rimski-Korsakow, Rubinstein, Borodine and Bourgault-Ducondray.

A tragic note underlies the preparation of this ballet in view of the fact that the great Bourgault-Ducondray died four days after having made formal arrangements for the embodiment of the fruits of his long musical research in Persia and Turkey in this ballet. Bourgault-Ducondray passed ten years of his life in Asia, studying Oriental music, and was perhaps the greatest authority on this subject. On July 2d last, he turned over his wonderful manuscripts to M. Mordkin, and on the 6th he died. The actual contracts were signed by his executors on the 9th under authority expressed in his dying moments.

Mordkin's great ballet may be called a drama, for lack of any other term properly describing it. It relates to an incident in the life of a son of the desert—a powerful tribal chieftain, Schah-Rahman, strongly given to marauding. He is discovered lounging on the dais of the assembly hall where his vassals



pay him court. They return from a brave exploit, laden with plunder which they proudly lay at the feet of their liege lord. Three fair maids form part of the booty. The despot eyes them critically. He smiles with pleasure at the accounting his retainers have given of themselves.

Descending from the dais, he is about to

express himself when one of the leaders halts him, while others lay at his feet the richest of the spoils, a rug of fabulous value. It

tant river bank that the fierce horde swept down upon her and carried her off, a gift for this chieftain who now confronts her.



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has been reserved as a special surprise for him. The chieftain orders it unrolled for inspection, and the fulfillment of his order discloses within a beautiful captive, fair as the lilies that deck the banks of the Euphrates. Indeed it was while engaged in the pleasant pastime of gathering blossoms at a dis-

There is something about this fair slave vastly different from the attitude of the three other captives, huddled in fear before their masters, pitifully exercising the wiles of their sex to soften the hearts of their captors and their own fate at the same time. The young woman whom the rug concealed is more than cold; she is even disdainful, haughty. One of the other slaves, Sett Bourbour, the little hand-maiden to the queen, recognizes in the figure that emerged from the rug, her royal mistress, Azyiade. Sett Bourbour would make obeisance before the queen, but, by a quick gesture, Azyiade stops her, and her identity remains a secret.

Azyiade, despite her beauty, has proved a disappointment to her captors, because she has made little or no impression upon Schah-Rahman. To divert him, the leader of the bandits calls upon the captives to entertain him. Three dance, but Azyi-

ade stands aloof. At the conclusion of the dance, the chieftain turns to the cold and haughty Azyiade and inquires if she cannot also do something for the entertainment of the company. In mute response she thrusts forward her hands, which are tightly bound, indicating that in such a condition she can do nothing.

First American Tournee of Mlle. Anna Pavlowa, M. Mikail Mordkin

and the Imperial Russian Ballet and Orchestra

THEODORE STIER, Conductor

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REPERTOIRE

DIVERTISSEMENTS

Russian National Dances... {	TSCHAIKOWSKI	Pas de Deux (from "La Belle au Bois Dor-
	DARGOMISZKI	mant") TSCHAIKOWSKI
	RUBINSTEIN	Bacchanale (from "The Seasons") GLAZOUNOW
Bohemian Dances (South Russian Folk		Adagio Classique..... BLEICHMAN
Music) DARGOMISZKI		The Swan (from "Carnaval des Animaux")
Polish Dances..... {	GLINKA	SAINT-SAENS
	GLAZOUNOW	Valse (Pas de Trois)..... AHRENS
Hungarian Rhapsody (II) LISZT		Pas de Deux Venitien..... DRIGO
Valse-Caprice RUBINSTEIN		Valse de la Nuit Egyptienne..... ARENSKY
Nocturne and Valse CHOPIN		Mazourka, Ballade, Variations et Finale (from
The Fire Bird..... TSCHAIKOWSKI		"Coppelia")..... DELIBES

Etc.

BALLETS

GISELLE, in two acts, Poem by Theophile Gautier, Music by Adolphe Adam, revived and rearranged by Mikail Mordkin.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS, in one act, composed by Mikail Mordkin, Music by Arensky, Bleichman, Bourgault-Ducondray, Chaminade, Glazounow, Rimski-Korsakow and Rubinstein.

Costumes by Mlle. Marie Muelle (Paris) and Mme. Musaeus (Metropolitan Opera Company, New York).

Scenery by Fox (Metropolitan Opera House, New York) and Paquereau (Paris).

Properties from the Atelier of Mr. Ed. Siedle, Technical Director of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

Wigs by Wm. Punzel of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

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A merry fit of humor creeps over Schah-Rahman, who signals Abou-Malek, who, in turn, makes known to Azyiade that it is the pleasure of the chieftain that she should dance, and, unless his wish is complied with, her head shall be the price. Struggling against her will and against the physical handicap of her bonds, Azyiade dances, to the great diversion of the despot, who enjoys keenly her evident discomfort. But the spirit of the dance grows upon her, and, throwing aside all reserve, she dances with a dash that is contagious and sweeps the chieftain from his feet. Pausing a moment in her wild whirl, she catches the eye of the chieftain and, with keen

feminine discernment, reads the story of his fascination.

Abruptly she stops, and, thrusting her bound hands before him, breathes the defiance, "Kill me, but do not hold me thus!"

Schah-Rahman, yielding to the passion growing within him, strikes the bonds from her wrists with his sword. He orders a feast—a revel, and Azyiade, seeing in the fascination of her captor a possibility of escape, beguiles him to the utmost, making known to the faithful Sett Bourbour her intentions the while.

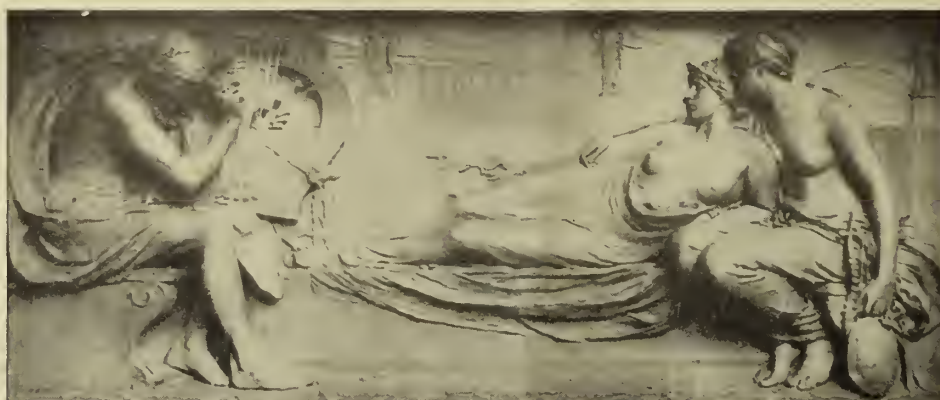
The feast ordered by Schah-Rahman develops into a mad revel. The red wine flows. Azyiade and Sett Bourbour, fired by their new-born hope of escape, are transformed; they become the veritable spirit of the revel and lead their captors into profligate indulgence in wine.

Slave and master have exchanged places. Schah-Rahman is now completely in the power of Azyiade. Unable to await longer the moment when he shall be alone with his bewitching prisoner, he drives all the others from the hall and turns to seize her in his embrace. He is mad with wine, but far from helpless. So Azyiade plies him further with drink until he is completely overcome and reels in stupor to his throne.

Hanging helplessly over its heavy arms, he feebly calls Azyiade, his heart's desire. But she and her faithful Sett Bourbour, like the fleeting day that has now given way to the gathering night, have silently stolen away, and Schah-Rahman sleeps, and dreams, and dreams.




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Giselle

“THE FAIRIES OF THE FOREST”

NE of the group of big ballets presented by Mlle. Anna Pavlowa, M. Mikail Mordkin and the Imperial Russian Ballet, is *Giselle*. The technical difficulties presented and the tremendous demands made by it upon the artists are such that it is seldom attempted, and, it may be said, has not been successfully presented since the days of Grisi and Taglioni, until the present revival by Pavlowa and Mordkin.

Giselle is a dainty piquant French romance in two acts, with a sombre vein of tragedy underlying every moment.

A quaint legend of the period of Louis XV, when the French peasantry expressed the dreamy romance of their uncultured souls through belief in wood nymphs, fairies, goblins and witchcraft, furnished Theophile Gautier, the poet, with the material for the libretto. Adolphe Adam, the composer, breathed life into the poem and clothed it with entrancing music—the result of their joint labor being a work that justifies its popularity and which will live forever.

The opening scene represents a village in the heart of the wine growing district. It is vintage time and gaiety is the order of the

hour. Here dwells the simple, lovely *Giselle*, a maid beloved by all, but especially by two village lads—Hans, the gamekeeper, and Loys, a youth of mystery. Loys came into the life of the hamlet unknown and unannounced, accompanied by a boon companion, Wilfried, from whence no one knew and for what purpose no one could fathom, unless it might be to pay court to the beautiful *Giselle*, a task he set about assiduously.

Together Loys and Wilfried took up their abode close to that of France's fairest daughter. Their manly character and pleasant ways soon won them a place in the hearts of the villagers—that is, all save Hans, who regards the advent of Loys as detrimental to his own quest for *Giselle's* hand.

Such is the status of affairs when the curtain rises, disclosing Hans surveying the home of the object of his affection and that of his rival, close by. Loys' door swings open and he emerges with Wilfried, who is pleading with him. Scenting an opportunity to penetrate the mystery that surrounds Loys, Hans secretes himself and listens. Wilfried's words and demeanor make it apparent that Loys is his superior and that Wilfried seeks to dis-



suade him from his purpose. But just at the moment that it appears the Fates had given Loys' secret into the gamekeeper's hands, Loys orders Wilfried to begone and say no more.

Wilfried moves unwillingly away and Loys alone proceeds to Giselle's cottage. He knocks softly at the door and Giselle comes forth joyously to meet him. Showering evidences of affection upon him, Giselle tells Loys of the terrors the night has had for her; she has dreamt again and again that he had deceived her.

Loys, red-faced with confusion, protests his honest and undying love.

"Take heed that you never do deceive me," she cries, "for if you do I shall surely die."

Hans, who has witnessed this scene and

whose love for Giselle is such that he is consumed with jealousy, can restrain himself no longer. He rushes to Giselle and upbraids her.

"I love him and all the world may know," cries Giselle. And Hans departs in anger, vowing to take revenge.

Nor is his revenge long delayed.

The grape gatherers troop by, heading for the vineclad hills, but Giselle, in her happiness, stops them. Her high spirits find expression in dancing. All are carried away by the dance and join in it. The festivity is at its height when Giselle's mother, Berthe, arrives. She stops her daughter and warns her not to succumb to her passion for dancing lest it possess her after death. Then she relates the ancient legend.

With wonder written on their faces the

village lads and lassies hang on her words as she tells of the mad moonlit revels that follow the stroke of midnight, when the fairies of the forest emerge from their graves to do the steps of the dance of death. Beautiful as the moonbeams that play about them, soft as the whispering nocturnal breezes that make music for them, graceful as the forest branches that vagrant eddies toss in sympathetic rhythm, these bewitching sprites are cursed. In the presence of their irresistible charms, woe to the traveler who meets them. To dance with them is his fate—to dance and dance and dance madly on until death ends the spell.

The mellow sound of the hunter's horn cuts short the old woman's story at its climax.



A party of noblemen and grand ladies, wearied with the chase, clatters toward the village. The peasants hasten to meet them, but Loys falls back. A bevy of grape-pickers merrily seize upon him, insisting that he should join in the welcome to the huntsmen. Loys vainly seeks to escape to the shelter of his cottage. He is good-naturedly struggling with the villagers, when Hans, the gamekeeper, arrives. What he heard pass between Loys and Wilfried but a short time ago, coupled with Loys' present attitude, fills him with suspicion. The moment he has long sought has arrived, and he slips into Loys' cottage to investigate for himself.

The hunting party proves to be that of the Prince Regent and his daughter, Bathilde, whose attendants lead them to Berthe's cottage, where Giselle meets them and makes tender of her homely hospitality.

Bathilde, taken with Giselle's rare beauty, interests herself in the village girl. She questions her as to her life, her occupations, her pleasures. Berthe answers for her that her daughter is very happy, indeed. She has no griefs, no cares.

"But has she any lovers?" questions Bathilde.

"Ah, yes!" Giselle blushing confesses, and, pointing to Loys' cottage, says, "There is the home of my fiancé. I love him so much that all the world would be changed and I would die if I found he loved me no more."

Bathilde is much interested in the young villager—for is she not too about to be married? True, it is a match in which neither she nor her fiancé has had a voice, for they are of the noble class and questions of state rather than

the dictates of the heart govern the choice of mates for such as they. But she knows what love means nevertheless, and Giselle's happiness interests her. So Bathilde promises to give her a dowry on her wedding day, and, taking from her throat the necklace she wears, she places it about Giselle's neck to bind her pledge.

The Prince, although regaled by his rest at Giselle's cottage, has thoroughly tired of the chase, and decides to ride no further. He orders his aides and attendants to ride on, telling them he will sound his horn when he wants them. Hans, happy in a discovery he has made in Loys' cottage, creeps forth just in time to hear the order. It fires his brain with a plan for revenge, that takes form a moment later when Loys, who has absented himself during the stay of the hunters, reappears.

Hans, tormented by his great jealousy, throws himself in the midst of the merry throng, and cries out to Giselle that Loys has deceived her; that, instead of a simple peasant, her lover is a lord in disguise, and to prove what he says, he produces a noble's sword and hat he has stolen from Loys' chamber. Loys, furious, dashes toward Hans, but the latter evades him by running behind the peasants. Then Loys goes to Giselle's side and endeavors to calm her. Giselle still believes; she is again happy.

But Hans wishes to pursue his revenge to the end. He recalls the order given by the Prince to his attendants; and, seizing his hunting horn, he sounds it. Hunters and villagers rush up. Even the Prince comes from Giselle's cottage. Waving the hat and sword, Hans points to Loys, who is near Giselle, and all recognize in him Duke Albert, and bow low to him. Giselle, at the sight of this, realizes at last that her fiancé has deceived her.

The Prince draws near Prince Albert and asks for explanations. Giselle shrinks from him with dread; she runs toward her cabin, and throws herself in her mother's arms.

Bathilde, who has come out with Berthe to learn the cause of the excitement, is surprised at finding her unwilling fiancé, Duke Albert, in the garb of a peasant and demands explanations.

Giselle has understood it all. In a sudden paroxysm of despair she becomes violently insane. She cries! She laughs! She grasps Albert's hand, presses it against her heart, then repels it with horror. She picks up his sword from the floor, first mechanically, then she wants to throw herself on its point. Duke Albert runs toward her and snatches the sword from her.

After a short pause, Giselle's distressed, distracted mind reverts to the dance. She seems to hear the joyful tune to which she was dancing with Loys a few brief minutes before. She does a mad step, but in an instant her strength seems to leave her. She falls in her mother's arms, casts a last look at Albert and falls a corpse at the feet of the wretched man.

ACT II

It is night. The moon casts fitful shadows on the little graveyard where the grape gatherers and simple village folk laid Giselle to her final rest.

Hans, the gamekeeper, haunted by remorse, seeks the spot. He pauses before the tomb, marked by a simple cross, and gives vent to his emotions.

Pale mists hang over the lake at the foot of the hill. Moaning winds sigh sadly through the forest that surrounds this hallowed spot. The hour of midnight is at hand, and Hans, remembering the old legend, is overcome by fear and creeps away.



MR. MAX RABINOFF, Managing Director



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MR. THEODORE STIER, Conductor



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Midnight brings Myrtha, queen of the forest fairies. She dances alone first, and then, by a touch of her magic wand, calls forth the fairies. They begin to dance, but at a sign of the queen they stop, and Myrtha announces that a new companion will join them that night. The fairies of the forest make a wreath of flowers for her. The pale moonlight falls on Giselle's grave.

Giselle emerges from her tomb and draws near Myrtha. The queen touches her with her wand . . . and Giselle is transformed into a sprite. Wings appear on her delicate shoulders; she scarcely touches the earth now. She begins to dance.

A noise is heard and the fairies fade away.

Duke Albert appears, followed by his esquire, Wilfried. The duke is sad and pale. The death of Giselle has caused him to almost lose his mind. He slowly approaches Giselle's grave, plunged in deep thought. Wilfried pleads with him not to stop near this fatal spot, but Albert orders him away.

Once alone, Duke Albert gives himself up to his sadness. He weeps. Suddenly, a divine vision appears before his eyes. He recognizes in this vision Giselle, who contemplates him with pitying love.

In vain, Albert endeavors to reach her. At last, broken with fatigue, he comes near the grave, and turns towards her in supplication. Seeing Albert's despair, Giselle forgives him. She would console him and save him from the vengeance of the fairies.

Hans meanwhile has lost his way in the forest and arrives on the scene, pursued by the fairies. The unfortunate gamekeeper falls at the foot of a tree and begs for pardon. But the queen of the fairies waves her mystic sceptre, forcing him to rise and dance. Exhausted, he tries to escape, but the fairies surround him and lure him dancing toward the lake, whose waters close over him.

Duke Albert, terrified, tries to escape, but the fairies catch sight of him and drag him into the bewitched circle. Myrtha raises her fatal wand over Albert, but Giselle stays her

hand, and, seizing Albert, draws him to her grave.

"Here is your shelter," she indicates, pointing to the cross, to which he clings.

Myrtha raises her sceptre again, but it breaks in her hand. The fairies stop astonished. They surround Albert and would rush toward him, but an invisible force repels them.



Mlle Poschitzkara

Solo danseuse with Pavlowa and Mordkin

Then the fairy queen turns to Giselle, over whom she holds dominion, and orders her to dance. Seeing her hopelessness, Albert dashes to her side. They dance and the fairies join them.

Albert is exhausted. His strength leaves him. Giselle draws near him. She would help him, but she is again forced to fly on a sign from the queen. A few more moments,

and he is bound to die of exhaustion. But hope is at hand; daylight creeps in. The dancing ceases. The morning sun scatters the fairies and they seem to fade into thin air. Giselle also feels the power of daylight and slowly draws near to her grave. Albert divines what awaits Giselle and takes her up in his arms to shield her from the grave. He

bears her far away and kneels before her. Giselle points to the sun and indicates that she must abide by her destiny and leave him forever. Albert, in his emotion, calls for help, but Giselle vanishes.

Servants, responding to Albert's feeble call, find the broken-hearted nobleman prone upon the ground—dead.

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